

until the rain stops by krelboyne

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Summary:

He's reclined in the back-seat, head tipped back to look at the drops that rush down the windows. Looks funnier like this, almost upside down, chin pointed to the ceiling. It's loud, here. The rain rushing towards every window; hitting the roof of the car.

Hargrove is louder.

until the rain stops

Author's Note:

Day 2. April Showers.

Steve likes the rain.

Likes listening to it; the pitter-patter sound of waterdrops on glass windows. Cosy inside, while the world outside turns into the ocean.

He likes the rain. Especially spring rain, when the sun is out and the sky just *dulls*, with next to no warning. Grows dark abruptly, before the clouds split in half and water showers the world.

He likes the rain.

Likes being contained in his car while water thrashes against it.

He's reclined in the back-seat, head tipped back to look at the drops that rush down the windows. Looks funnier like this, almost upside down, chin pointed to the ceiling. It's loud, here. The rain rushing towards every window; hitting the roof of the car.

Hargrove is louder. Is between Steve's thighs, working his tongue up and down his cock, lazy. Noisy and *lewd*, and when he pulls back to ask, 'Still with me, Stevie?', he's still attached to Steve by a thin string of saliva.

Steve just mumbles some acknowledgement. Nods his head and shoots Billy a look, before retraining his eyes to the window. Watching drops of rain chase each other down the length of it. He closes his eyes when the heat of Billy's mouth surrounds him, and he doesn't get to see which drop wins the race. It doesn't seem to matter that much now. Not in the grand scheme of things. Not now Steve's fingers are getting lost in curls and Billy's head is bobbing. A steady up-and-down between Steve's thighs.

It's familiar. Not the first time they've been here. Fucking around in Steve's car - or Billy's car. The only place, really, they have to rely on. Steve's invited, and asked, and *told* Billy to come over to his

place, but he never does. For some reason, they've never wound up in an actual bed together, and Steve might complain about that.

Later.

Until then, he's quite happy to open his eyes and pull his gaze from the rain-streaked window to watch Billy instead. To look down at him, and to see Billy all watery-eyed and hollow-cheeked. 'Yeah. That's good, baby. Like that.'

Steve knows he's risking teeth-to-the-dick with that comment. Knows the words that Billy would spit if he had the full use of his mouth. He gets a *look*, and he can handle that. Much better than a sharp bite, even if the stare is piercing. Looks like it could cut glass. And, Steve's an asshole, probably too cocksure for his own good in this moment, so he just smiles back at Billy. Like butter wouldn't melt, or. Like he knows he's getting away with something, and always will get away with it.

Billy's good at this. Good at making Steve feel good, and that's probably why he always comes back to him. Probably why they always end up here, someone's legs in the air.

The first time they did this, Billy had said, 'It's a talent.' And Steve had replied, 'You pride yourself on your cock-sucking abilities?'

That had nearly shut Hargrove up, but he sucked on Steve like the world was ending, and Steve sucked down his words. It is a fucking talent, and he'd be gloating too.

Maybe.

When he comes, Billy's holding him in his mouth, hands-free. His hands are busy with Steve's thighs. Grabbing and scratching and massaging, while Steve just shudders on the back-seat of his car, spills into Billy's mouth and Hargrove takes it all. Doesn't even fucking flinch, the shithead.

By the time Billy swallows him down with a crude *gulp* that makes Steve wince, the car is a fucking oven. A furnace. They're sticking to each other and they're sticking to leather seats.

It's only a matter of time before Billy peels himself away and retreats back to his own car, stationary and silent and parked just a few feet away. Only a matter of time before Billy's saying, *see you around*, like he hasn't had his mouth full of Steve's cock. Like they're just *buddies*, and they've just bumped into one another. A chance meeting.

Always *see you around*. Never, *when do you wanna meet up again?* Or, *maybe we should finally switch numbers so we can make actual, solid plans?*

But. Billy doesn't move. Not today. He shifts and readjusts himself. Ends up between Steve's thighs, still, but he's closer. His body covers Steve's and then he's reaching for the door handle, just above Steve's head. 'Fucking hot in here.'

He cranks the door open, just a sliver. But it's enough to drown Steve's ears with the sound of rain on hard ground. Enough to make Steve shiver when the air, cooler outside than in the car, creeps in through the gap and settles in his bones.

Steve's watching Billy and he wants to ask, *what are you doing? Why aren't you going?*

And, maybe Hargrove is a fucking mind reader or some shit, because he looks down at Steve before he flops his weight down, head dropping to Steve's shoulder, and breath tickling his neck when he says, 'Waiting for the rain to stop.'